Now afore God, this reuerend holy Frier,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.
Iu. Nurse, will you go with me into my Closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thursday, there is time inough.
Fa. Go Nurse, go with her, weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.

Mo. We shall be short in our prouision,
Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*, helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once, what ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare vp him
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward Gyrle is so reclaymd.
Exit.

Enter Iuliet *and Nurse.*

Iu. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou knowest, is crosse and full of sin.
Enter Mother.
Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my helpe?
Iu. No Madam, we haue culd such necessaries
As are behoofefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.
Mo. Good night.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
Exeunt.
Iu. Farewell,

Iu. Farewell, God knowes wh
I haue a faint cold feare thrills thr
That almost freezes vp the heate
Ile call them backe againe to com
Nurse, what shou'd she do here?
My dismall sceane I needs must a
Come Violl, what if this mixture
Shall I be married then to morrow
No, no, this shall forbid it, lie tho
What if it be a poyson which the
Subtilly hath ministred to haue
Least in this marriage he should
Because he married me before to
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it
For he hath still bene tried a holy
How if when I am laid into the
I wake before the time that *Rom*
Come to redeeme me, theres a fe
Shall I not then be stiffled in the
To whose foule mouth no health
And there die strangled ere my
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death an
Togither with the terror of the p
As in a Vaulte, an auncient rece
Where for this many hundred ye
Of all my buried auncestors are
Where bloudie *Tybalt* yet but g
Lies festring in his shroude, whe
At some houres in the night, spir
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loath
And shrikes like mandrakes torn
That liuing mortalls hearing the
O if I walke, shall I not be distra
Inuironed with all these hidious
And madly play with my forefa

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3